

Kanaka Swimmer Has No Equal in the Water

This Hawaiian A Human Fish

Duke Kahanamoku, Who Made the Fastest Swimmers of the World Look Foolish at the Stockholm Olympiad, Was Reared in the Surf of His Island Home and as a Boy Dodged Sharks for Sport.

By JIM NASIUM.

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THE Mermaid, being a poetic myth and a fictitious character of the artists' fevered imagination, the next nearest thing to a fish that masquerades in human form are the islanders of the Southern Pacific ocean, who can truthfully be said to be more at home in the water than on the land. On land the South Sea islander is an indolent, shiftless being, the height of whose ambition appears to be to see how long he can lie undisturbed on the velvety manila grass on the shady side of a grass house or propped up against the butt end of a feathery coconut palm, but in the shark-infested waters of his native islands he apparently realizes for the first time what his hands and feet are hatched onto his dark body for, and he is all action and exhibits a skill that is little less than marvelous.

The largest and most generally known of this group of islands is Hawaii, one of Uncle Sam's new possessions, and trans-Pacific travelers touching at Honolulu have become puffed with amazement at the aquatic skill displayed by the native boys who swarm the docks of Honolulu harbor and swim out to meet the incoming steamers to dive for nickels and dimes thrown from the deck to swimmer down through the green water in the very midst of the dark moving shapes of the man-eating "leopard" shark.

While this native skill is a matter of wonder to the man who from infancy has kept his feet in the water, the native Hawaiian who has always looked upon water as a liquid to be used exclusively as a "chaser" to his favorite brand of poison, it is but common native talent to the brown-skinned hydro-man who has been reared to look upon the wide expanse of sea that in his island home as his special field of conquest. The South Sea islander's contest with the sea, necessitated by his craving for what the sea could supply, has, from early days, been the chief stimulus in the development of Hawaiian character. It has been about the only thing he has had to call out his skill, courage, sagacity, ingenuity and ability to endure and conquer. It has created in him not only a wonderful ability in his bodily contact with the waves, but has promoted a knowledge of navigation, and led to a minute and accurate observation of winds and currents, lent scope and fervor to the imagination, and set afire the poetic spirit of the race. Their old songs and most cherished native traditions are replete with references to the sea. The sea is the Hawaiian's classic, from which he comes to him the seven wonders of the legendary world, and his foam-crested billows have furnished him with his means of livelihood, his sport, his all.

It is little wonder, then, that the greatest swimmer the world of sport has ever seen should come from Hawaii. Over in Honolulu lived a dark-skinned boy, son of Honolulu's chief of police—me of the brown-skinned kids who habitually swarm over the docks and swim through the shark-infested waters of the harbor in search of silver

coins thrown from the decks of the incoming steamers—who showed an ability to surpass even the wonderful feats of the rest of these Kanaka kids in their water sports. This little brown Kanaka boy was a wonder even among a nation of wonders. His name was Duke P. Kahanamoku.

At surf-riding—the national sport of the Hawaiians, which consists of riding a long, thick plank with rounded ends over the great billows as they sweep shoreward—this little Kahanamoku boy performed wonders and eclipsed all other Kanakas at the sport. Surf-riding is an old and heroic sport for which Hawaiians have always been noted. In ancient times it was practiced in honor of the kings and chiefs, but has since become a royal sport on its own account, and at this sport, standing erect on his surf-board with folded arms, complete master of the waves, which he appeared to be driving before him like chariot steeds, young Kahanamoku was monarch of the rolling breakers.

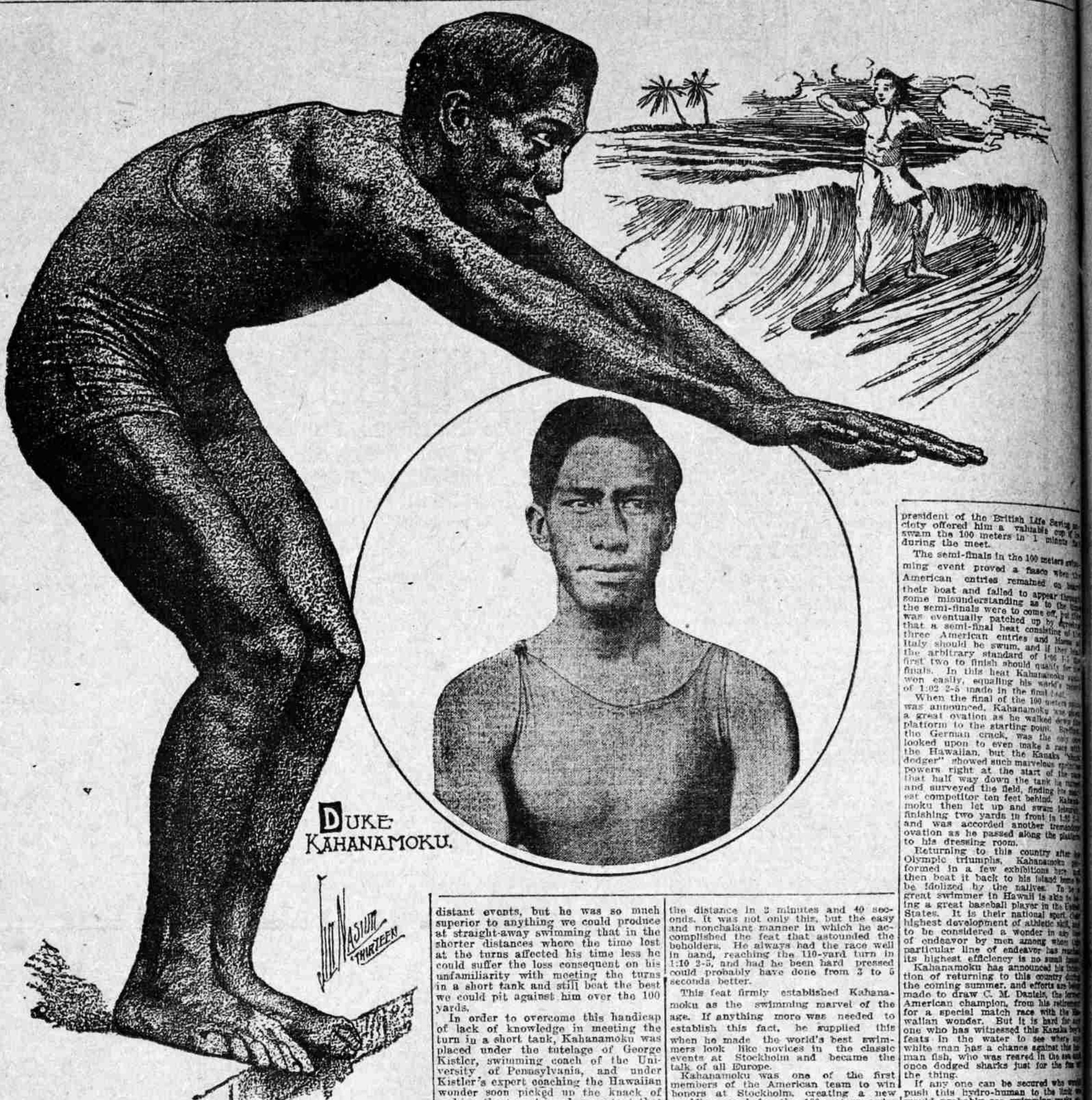
At dodging sharks in the waters of Honolulu harbor with his mouth filled with coins tossed from the deck of the steamers this young son of Honolulu's chief of police was also the peer of all the Kanaka boys. Probably many a trans-Pacific traveler has leaned over the rail of an incoming steamer tossing coins into the water and wondering at the daring aquatic feats of this brown Kanaka boy, without knowing that he was looking on what was destined to be the greatest swimmer of the world.

In Honolulu it is said of Kahanamoku that as a boy he tempted fate from the month of sharks in the harbor merely as a matter of sport and an exhibition of his daring and prowess, frequently approaching one of these monsters and playing hide and seek with the man-eater in the water for the delight of the horrified passengers on some incoming steamer. It is said that when approached by a shark Kahanamoku would "tread water" and raise down into the water with his keen eyes intent on the tactics of the enemy, and just as the shark would turn on his back to snap the little brown boy would dive beneath the motor, and the great jaws would come together with nothing between them. He would repeat this until he gained a rope dangled from the side of the ship and would then frequently drop back to repeat the performance.

This was the stuff of which the world's greatest swimmer was eventually made. As he grew older and the era of progress that had set in in Hawaii promoted a better organized athletic affairs, Kahanamoku became a member of the Hui Nalu Swimming club of Honolulu, and in the com-

petitions of this club he performed feats that amazed those accustomed to the average swimming competitions. News of these feats performed in open competition soon filtered into "the states," and while those trans-Pacific travelers who had witnessed the feats performed by Kanaka boys in Honolulu harbor were ready to believe almost anything that might be said of the aquatic prowess of these little brown fellows, the great throbbing world of sport that had been familiar with the time made by the best swimmers in competition could not believe it within the power of any human being to perform such feats. Accordingly, about six months pre-

vious to the American tryouts for the Stockholm Olympic meet, the Hui Nalu Swimming club sent Kahanamoku, then known as the best swimmer among a nation of swimming marvels, to exhibit his prowess in the United States and gain a place representing the island for the first time in the Olympic classics. In his first appearance in this country Kahanamoku proved that he was the aquatic wonder that his advance notices had claimed he was, but, being primarily an open water swimmer, he was unused to making the turns in the short tanks here and lost much time, which prevented him from equaling the time of our best men in the longer



DUKE KAHANAMOKU.

distance events, but he was so much superior to anything we could produce at straight-away swimming that in the shorter distances where the time lost at the turns affected his time less he could suffer the loss consequent on his unfamiliarity with making the turns in a short tank and still beat the best we could pit against him over the 100 yards.

In order to overcome this handicap of lack of knowledge in meeting the turn in a short tank, Kahanamoku was placed under the tutelage of George Kistler, swimming coach of the University of Pennsylvania, and under Kistler's expert coaching the Hawaiian wonder soon picked up the knack of making the turn to such an extent that in numerous competitions through the eastern part of the United States he made our best swimmers look positively foolish and smashed all the records for the short distances formerly held by C. M. Daniels, the best swimmer America had ever produced, and even before the Olympic trials the dark-skinned Kanaka "shark dodger" had become a clinch to represent Uncle Sam in the 100 meters swim at the Olympic trials. Kahanamoku had never seen such swimming before.

Then came the regular Olympic swimming trials on June 11, in Verona lake, Montclair, N. J., and Kahanamoku, though he had already established himself as the certain choice to represent America in the 100 meters swim at the Olympic trials, entered in the 200-yard trials in the hope that he might be utilized on the relay team if it did not affect his short distance chances. Kahanamoku won the 200-yard swim easily from an even dozen of America's best swimmers, breaking the American record for the distance established by C. M. Daniels by 3-5 of a second, doing

the distance in 2 minutes and 40 seconds. It was not only this, but the easy and nonchalant manner in which he accomplished the feat that astounded the beholders. He always had the race well in hand, reaching the 100-yard turn in 1:10 2-5, and had been hard pressed to make the 200 yards in 2:40 2-5.

This feat firmly established Kahanamoku as the swimming marvel of the age. If anything more was needed to establish this fact, he supplied this when he made the world's best swimmers look like novices in the classic events at Stockholm and became the talk of all Europe.

Kahanamoku was one of the first members of the American team to win honors at Stockholm, creating a new world's record for the 100 meters swim by winning his trial heat in this event in easy fashion in 1 minute 2-5 seconds, and the apparently easy manner in which he swam the distance in this remarkable time made him the hero of the hour. He was the recipient of honors from the royal box, and the

president of the British Life Saving society offered him a valuable cup for swimming the 100 meters in 1 minute during the meet.

The semi-finals in the 100 meters swimming event proved a race when the American entries remained on their feet and failed to appear during the semi-finals were to come off, but the race was eventually patched up by a third American entry, and it was the first two to finish should qualify for the final. In this heat Kahanamoku was the only swimmer to make the 100 yards in 1:02 2-5, equaling his world's record of 1:02 2-5 made in the final heat.

When the final of the 100 meters was announced, Kahanamoku was given a great ovation as he walked down the platform to the starting line. He looked upon to even make a race with the Hawaiian swimmer, the Kanaka "shark dodger" showed such marvelous powers right at the start of the race that half way down the tank he was swimming the field, finding in the last few yards that he was ahead of his competitor ten feet behind. Kahanamoku then let up and swam leisurely, finishing two yards in front in 1:01 2-5, and was accorded another great ovation as he passed along the platform to his dressing room.

Returning to his country after the Olympic triumph, Kahanamoku was formed in a few exhibitions here, and then beat it back to his island home to the highest development of athletic skill to be considered a wonder in any endeavor by men among men, the highest development of athletic skill to be considered a wonder in any endeavor by men among men, the highest development of athletic skill to be considered a wonder in any endeavor by men among men.

Kahanamoku has announced his intention of returning to this country after the Olympic triumph, and he is expected to make a special match race with the Hawaiian swimmer, the Kanaka "shark dodger" showed such marvelous powers right at the start of the race that half way down the tank he was swimming the field, finding in the last few yards that he was ahead of his competitor ten feet behind. Kahanamoku then let up and swam leisurely, finishing two yards in front in 1:01 2-5, and was accorded another great ovation as he passed along the platform to his dressing room.

If any one can be secured who would push this hydro-human to the limit, he would probably see swimming made established that would stand for all time. The world's greatest swimmer, Kahanamoku, has accomplished his wonderful feat in competition here leads us to believe that the world of sport has yet to see a swimmer that this Kanaka shark dodger can do.

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JESS WILLARD RULED OFF BY COMMISSION

Bosses of Boxing in New York Insist on Unequal Bouts Being Stopped.

By ED CUNLEY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—Following the lines laid down by Governor Sulzer relating to the conducting of boxing bouts, the state athletic commission has sent out a warning to all clubs, referees and inspectors. In the communication it is expressly mentioned that the commission will not tolerate the slightest sign of brutality in any bout and in any case where one opponent shows marked superiority over his rival, the referee shall immediately end the battle. The commission adds:

"It must be distinctly understood that no consideration of any kind shall interfere with or influence the stopping of a bout that is too one-sided."
In the warning action was announced that summary action will be taken in case of any offender and the club at which the bout is held will lose its license. The case of the boxer, Clellie Rose, who died a few hours after his bout with Jack Smith at the Washington Athletic club, Brooklyn, was investigated by the commission. The referee, Edward O'Leary, and the inspector, Robert Raymond, testified that Rose showed no signs of exhaustion at any stage of the fight. The bout that topped him over was delivered in the last fifteen seconds of the bout. After hearing this testimony the case was adjourned until tomorrow, when the club's physician and other officials will be examined.

The examination into the over-crowding of the Empire Athletic club at the River-Cross bout was held over until the attorney general informs the commission just how far its powers extend in a case of this order.

Jess Willard was informed that he must keep his agreement with the Queensberry Athletic club of Buffalo before he can participate in a bout in this state.

Spectators Influence Referees' Decisions

By OTTO FLOTO.

DO AUDIENCES influence the judgment of the referee by their actions at the ring-side? That's a question that at times becomes serious so far as the men fighting in the ring are concerned. The shouting to the men, the crowd that sits about always gratis with their advice, the loud-mouthed fellow on the seats making remarks reflecting on the work of one or the other and laboring under the impression that he's a comedian of some sort or other, always, of course, fishing for a laugh; no matter how game the referee may be, if he hears this noise constantly ringing in his ears he becomes influenced regardless of how sincere his intentions may be.

There is only one way in which to remedy this abuse, and that is to eject from the hall the first man offending in this manner. That stops it quicker than any other method. I remember when the Olympic club of New Orleans was at the height of its career they allowed you to applaud and hiss, but the first man that made a remark to either of the men fighting in the ring was immediately taken from the hall. As an illustration, the night that Fitzsimmons and Maher fought it will be remembered that in the first round Maher practically knocked Fitzsimmons out, the bell alone saving him. When Fitz came up for the second round a man in the gallery shouted, "You haven't got Jack Dempsey in front of you now." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Captain Barrett jumped to his feet and, pointing to the offender, ordered his policeman to take him out of the hall, which, of course, they im-

mediately did. Not a man in the house dared to speak after that, and you could hear a pin drop, so quiet was the great crowd seated about the arena.

Another incident I recall occurred at Battery D, in Chicago. It was the night that Peter Jackson and Denver Ed Smith fought. Jackson was sick that night and refused to sit down between the rounds to rest, preferring to stand the rounds of his own. After two or three rounds had passed and he came back to his corner, a rowdy shouted, "Sit down, or Smith will knock you down." Parson Davies happened to be near, and, not minding to an officer, said: "Take that stiff out of the ring, he's interfering with the fight." He was on the stage and watching a fight among a lot of gentlemen. Needless to say no further remarks were passed.

A notable incident of where a crowd influenced a referee was the time that Young Corbett and Jimmy Britt fought in San Francisco. Mind, before I start, I claim it would have been just as big a robbery to have awarded the decision to Corbett as it was when it was given to Britt. If ever there was a draw decision proper, it was on the occasion I refer to. Be that as it may, when the twentieth round was being fought, the crowd like one man rose and shouted, "Britt, Britt, Britt, etc." Jimmy was a San Francisco boy, had fought a great battle and, always being popular, his friends were beside themselves with enthusiasm. The fight at best was close, and when he was being dragged himself with harmful pain, the big pavilion, no one could blame Eddie Graney for rendering the decision he did. Yet it was the grossest kind of injustice to Young Corbett, who was every bit as much entitled to the decision as was Britt.

To my mind it behooves clubs staging fights to correct this evil whenever it is possible. Ruling with an iron hand eliminates the evils quicker than anyone has an idea it will. If in doubt, just try it.

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